

Latin School Register.

VOL. XV

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No. 8

F. T. GREENHALGE.

Monday, March 16, at the meeting of the school in the Exhibition hall, four compositions were read by members of the first and second classes. Dr. Merrill requested these boys to prepare brief papers on their impressions of the late Gov. Greenhalge. These were accordingly written, without assistance, and read just as they were composed, without corrections by any others than the authors.

H. H. Morse, in his paper, emphasized the humbleness of Greenhalge's origin and circumstances:

Frederick T. Greenhalge came to this country a poor boy, the son of an English mill-hand. Step by step he rose from his humble position, and while discharging the duties of the highest office in this great American Commonwealth, he has gone from us, leaving a people who mourn his loss and venerate his memory.

Gov. Greenhalge came up from among the people. Educated in our public schools, he is a marked example of the great character-building power of our educational system.

Mingling with all classes of society, in his school-life, he found that each boy stood on his own merits and had to depend on his own efforts alone. What an inspiration it must have been to young Greenhalge to realize that, in this country, every door to success is open to individual worth, regardless of ancestry or former social standing. Greenhalge became, then, independent; he knew that he was the architect of his own destiny. * * * From the school platform the future governor and orator declaimed extracts from the works of the noble men of the past. He caught their spirit and it became manifest in his life, — a life marked by a high conception of honor and an unswerving devotion to duty.

Independent, broad, high-minded, consecrated to duty, Gov. Greenhalge was an ex-

ample of that American citizenship which our public schools strive to produce.

Cherishing the memory of such, let us, the future American citizens, although differing in our faiths and descending from many races, remember that ours is one country, ours one glorious brotherhood.

C. S. Oakman said:

We often hear it said that republicanism, as exemplified by the politicians of to-day, is at its core rotten and corrupt. It is frequently asserted that, to be a success politically, one must throw honesty to the winds, banish integrity, smother self-conviction, and adopt the servile attitude of a deceiver, panderer, flatterer, becoming a slave to opinions any but his own. These assertions are so nearly true, that, when a man like the late Frederic T. Greenhalge assumes the gubernatorial chair, we find his character standing out in bold relief against the great mass of politicians. Throughout the years of his public life, he was a faithful servant to the people, yet never disloyal to his own convictions. From earliest boyhood he strove to reach the goal of strict honor and perfect integrity. The strongest, grandest bulwark of his character, which nothing could break down, was his honest, straightforward independence. It was his determination always first to learn the whole truth, then to stand firmly by his convictions, though friends and foes alike opposed him.

* * * * *

If his mind was once made up, no politician could move him, no legislature could convince him, no powerful league or corporation could overawe him. He was naturally a man of remarkable perception and accurate judgment; add to this the fact that, during his whole life, he had cultivated and practised these virtues, and we see a man eminently fitted for the

highest position which the State of Massachusetts could confer.

J. A. O'Gorman, especially noted the governor's "moral courage":

Our late governor had many admirable characteristics, — his scholarship, his political acumen, oratorical excellence, affability, and public capacity, but the one virtue which dominated all these, which bore him to the pinnacle of honored respect, which enabled him to bear his last painful illness with such wonderful composure, which in fact regulated his whole life, public and private, was his moral courage. Not one instance has been found where he swerved a hair's breadth from the sharp line of duty. He always adhered strictly to the course which he considered right, thus giving signal evidence that he possessed that greatest virtue of greatest men in a remarkable degree. In his private life, it was that which prompted him to avoid the temptations of youth; in his public life it enabled him to veto bill after bill, to disappoint his best friends, to turn from his most valuable supporters, rather than depart from the path which conscience pointed out.

* * * * *

His two years of service as governor have been unusually eventful, and trouble of some sort has continually menaced the welfare of the State. But he has surmounted all obstacles, and has stood with admirable self-control a test which has tried this primary virtue of his far more than any other of his numerous characteristics, and now, just after undergoing this rough probation, he has been taken from us. But he has left behind him an enviable reputation, a reputation for moral courage which has seldom been equalled, a reputation which we may well place side by side with that of Samuel and John Adams, Charles Sumner and Daniel Webster. His example shines forth as a guiding beacon for future statesmen and all aspirants to the roll of honor. May they profit by it.

H. L. Seaver spoke of Greenhalge's boyhood and school-life:

To us the most interesting part of a man's

life is probably his boyhood. We are interested in his actions as a young man, and we sympathize with his conditions when he was a boy as we are. Frederic T. Greenhalge, the school boy, is far more real to us than the Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was educated in one of the public grammar schools of Lowell, from which he graduated the first in his class. He entered the Lowell High School, and when he had completed the course there, he was awarded the Carney medal. His years in the High School must have been much as our own here. The daily routine, the daily studies, the pleasures of his schoolmates' companionship were all his 'as they are now ours.' He was one of the editors and publishers of his school paper, the "High School Union," in which were printed several of his youthful effusions in verse. He entered Harvard college and spent three years there. At the end of his sophomore year he was chosen the orator of his class and was elected one of the editors of the Harvard Magazine. In the midst of this pleasant college life, while he was only twenty years old, his father died and he was called to support his mother and sisters. He resorted to school teaching, and, during his leisure time, studied law in a Lowell firm. From this he rose gradually to the high office he was fulfilling at the time of his death.

* * * * *

We do not realize, I think, how closely our studies will affect our after lives. At present we cannot see the end of our pathway. We are aware of immediate circumstances and difficulties only, but we may see the goal that has been reached by men who have travelled over the very road we are upon. And to consider for a moment what Frederic T. Greenhalge made of his life,—starting from a grammar school as many of us have done, going through a high school as we are all now doing, and entering Harvard University as many of us hope to do, this must truly make our daily lives and labors, simple or trivial as they may seem to us, more real and valuable, as the seed and germ of what we are to be.

JUDITH HUDSON.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was nothing in the view that met Tom's eye that should cause unusual astonishment; but it revealed to him a startling — an almost inconceivable fact to which he had previously been quite blind.

The heat was intense, but the window was open, admitting a fresh breeze from the river. The trees in the garden of the Hudson mansion swayed in the bright sunshine, making a verdant kaleidoscope upon the grass, and the brilliant flash of the oriole's plumage occasionally sparkled among the branches. Tom could see the flowers of the garden mingling their bright hues and perfuming the summer air. Judith was seated near the window, looking out with an air of the most blissful tranquility, which seemed hardly warranted by the features of the landscape. Dr. Strong was seated near her — nearer, Tom thought, than his professional character demanded. He was holding her hand; but, as his time-piece was in his pocket, he could not be taking her pulse. The doctor's face was lighted by a smile which made him look many years younger, and then Tom saw all. He seized the latch of the door to steady himself, and gasped out, "David!"

A general explanation followed, and Dr. Strong — or rather David Jones, for it was, in fact, he — told his incredible story to Tom, who sat wondering, too surprised to speak a word. David's narrative was, in brief, this:

After the encounter with Tom's troopers David had returned to the English encampment. Here he happened to meet a band of the Indian allies. At the belt of one hung the long, dark, rich tresses which David knew only too well. Upon seeing that reeking scalp he sprang at the Indian and would have throttled him upon the spot had not his men dragged him away. He had been almost crazed at the bloody deed, for he was ignorant whether Judith was alive or not. In all probability she was slain. He was so beside himself that he had to be put in close confinement. All that night he raved, so that the soldiers thought he

had gone stark mad; but morning quieted him and restored reason. When he came forth his hair was snow white and his countenance so changed that even his intimate friends did not know him! In spite of remonstrance and entreaty he that day resigned his command and suddenly disappeared, and no one knew where he had gone.

In disguise, through many and various perils, he had escaped to the American lines, where he found Tom's company, and learned that Judith was still alive. He found out that Tom was taking her to Albany, and had hurried on to that town himself. Tom had to travel so slowly that David arrived in Albany many days before him. All this time David had taken the part of a physician, whose profession, it will be remembered, he had learned in his boyhood. Presenting himself at Schuyler's camp, where surgeons were in great demand, he quickly won favor by his skill in the hospital. He had suggested attending upon Judith himself, and General Schuyler, a warm-hearted man, was delighted to be of service to Tom and his sister. The very night of Tom's arrival Judith had recognized David, in spite of his changed appearance; but they both agreed that it was not strange that Tom, who had seen David but once since boyhood, should not have known him.

During the narrative Judith, who was still weak from her sickness, had wept frequently, and at its end she burst into a flood of happy tears and hid her fair countenance on the physician's shoulder. Tom stole quietly out, unnoticed, and, leaving a loving message with one of the servants, hurried away to General Schuyler's headquarters, with a mist in his eyes, and happiness in his heart.

A year after the close of the Revolutionary War the softening hand of Nature had obliterated the awful traces of conflict from the fair valley of the Hudson. Populous villages and happy hamlets sprang up on its banks and its swift waters turned the wheels of industry in many mills at its side. The hills were green with orchards and gardens, and a network of roads, spreading farther and farther into the wilderness, opened communication with distant towns.

It was through such a happy community about the northern waters of the Hudson that a young man and his wife were spending their bridal tour in the summer of 1785. They were traversing the country in their carriage by easy stages, but seemed to linger in this section of the state as if familiar with and fond of its scenery.

One afternoon, leaving their team at the little inn where they were to spend the night, they went for a walk down the wood-arched country road and into the dense woods on either side. The rays of the setting sun struck through the higher branches and the whole wood seemed to glow with the mellow light. The newly-wedded couple sauntered through the woods, talking to each other in tones of perfect contentment. The woman was very beautiful, but a long scar might be traced on her high brow, and her husband, though apparently young in years, had white hair. "David," said the woman, "Tom writes me that Betty and the children are well, and that he has been offered a major's commission, but refused it." The man made no answer, but pressed his wife's hand to his heart, and walked on.

They crossed a little brook, which babbled gaily through the underbrush and lighted up the whole wood with its liquid brilliancy. As they were passing a group of ash trees the woman stumbled upon a low mound in the path. She looked down, turned pale and shuddered. Upon the mound were vines and brakes growing in the rankest profusion, as if some animal body had rotted in the black earth beneath to nourish the graceful fern fronds and the fragrant briar rose.

(THE END.)

ATHLETICS.

"Mens Sana in corpore sano."

As was expected, the date of the National I.-S. meet has been changed to the second Saturday in June, which falls, this year, on the 13th.

The championship schedule of the Base Ball team is given below. Every game should be attended well and consistently—I say *consistently*, for after winning a game, a large

attendance usually results; but after losing only a few "regulars" appear. No subscription has been asked this year, in the hope that the boys will turn out in large enough numbers to render this unnecessary.

May 4, Hopkinson at S. E.

May 8, Brookline at Brookline.

May 19, Somerville at Somerville.

May 22, Roxbury at S. E.

May 29, Cambridge at S. E.

June 5, E. H. S. at S. E.

Walter Robinson, who won the 40 yd. and 300 yd. dashes for Worcester Academy, and who was captain and half-back of the eleven, will catch for the nine this year.

That six men from the N. E. I.-S. A. A. can go to New York and win three firsts, two seconds, and two thirds in that Inter-Scholastic meet speaks well for our association's chances in the national championships. O'Brien's style in the shot-put was not allowed; this alone, probably, prevented him from getting first.

The Inter-Scholastic Tennis championships will be held by Harvard, at Cambridge, on May 2.

The Charles Bank opens this week with improved apparatus and a new cinder track.

Harvard Freshmen defeated our team April 11, on Soldiers' Field, by a score of 11 to 2. Most of the runs were due to errors.

Dorchester High were beaten, four days later, 10 to 7.

In the Harvard Invitation games on May 9 there will be a relay, or team race, open only to schools.

Twombly, B. L. S. '92, is regular catcher for Yale this year.

Latin School is well represented in Harvard base ball this year. Rand, Scannell and O'Malley are on the team, and McVey and Beale are with the varsity squad yet.

The following is the probable make-up of our team: Catcher, Maguire, Edmunds; pitcher, Kelly, Bolster; first base, Edmunds; second base, Bolster; third base, McGawley; short, Kane; field, Quincy, Robinson, Miller, Bufford; substitutes, Fotch and Murphy.

MILITARY.

"Arma virum que cano."

The annual prize drill of Company G of the West Roxbury High School was held on Friday evening, March 20th, in Curtis Hall. The first drill was that of the junior squad in the manual of arms. Private Edwards was awarded the first prize. The second drill was open to all, in which Sergeant Rogers captured first prize and Edwards second. This was followed by company drill, dress parade, and the award of prizes. The judges were Captains Scully of Brighton, Nelson of Roxbury and Green of Charlestown.

The officers who attended the drill of the Girl's Battalion of the Lynn High and Classical School on March 27th enjoyed the novelty very much. The girls drilled in a very creditable manner. There was a battalion drill, officers' drill and company drills. A dance wound up the evening.

Dorchester High School held a prize drill in Association Hall, Milton, on March 27th. The programme included battalion drill, commanded by Major Dippel; company drills, under command of Captains Mace and McInnes, and an exhibition drill by the High School Drum Corps. In the junior drill Privates Kirkpatrick and Raymon won the first and second prizes, respectively, and in the open to all, Sergeant Storer won first prize and Corporal Scannell second. Dress parade, under Major Dippel, closed the drill, and Mr. Bassett of the school committee presented the prizes.

Early in April the Newton High School held its semi-annual drill. Major George H. Benyon, the military instructor of the battalion, had general charge. The exercises consisted of setting-up drill, salute to the colors, battalion drill, regimental drill, sword exercise, junior individual competition, battalion parade and award of prizes. The judges were Capt. J. Bigelow, Jr., Tenth United States Cavalry; Lieut. Wirt Robinson, Fourth United States Artillery, and Lieut. H. B. Ballard, adjutant Fifth infantry M. V. M.

On Thursday, April 2nd, the Latin School officers attended the drill of the Roxbury High School Battalion. The features of the drill were the bayonet exercise and single stick squad. Due to the strenuous efforts of Captain Paget the single stick drill was one of the finest exhibitions we have seen this year.

A VISIT TO THE "OLD NORTH CHURCH."

It was on a walk which some B. L. S. boys took around "Old Boston" and we were in the Old North Church. The Old North Church is the one in whose belfry John Newman hung the two famous signal lanterns, to tell the patriots, over in Charlestown, that the British troops were starting for Lexington and Concord.

There were too many of us to go up to the belfry together, so we divided into two parties. Four or five of my classmates and myself were in the second party, and while we waited for the others to come down from the belfry we roamed over the church as we liked. When we sat down to rest the sexton's son appeared and offered to show us the vaults in the cellar.

We were very glad to get the chance, and so he lit a candle and took us down an old flight of stairs into the cellar. After some "Hurry ups" and "Don't pushes" from some of the party he led us into a brick passage. It made me think of descriptions which I have read of the Catacombs. The three or four furnaces that heat the church are down here. They are probably not of the latest pattern and I guess there was something the matter with them, for it was rather smokey. He took us along some passages in which there were several corners, and turned up several weak gas-jets to show us the inscriptions on the tombs on either side.

Rev. Asa Eaton, who, our guide said, started the first American Sunday School, is buried in one of these vaults. It is also said that Major Pitcairn is buried here. Somewhere along here one of the boys heard a noise like a sneeze back of him, and of course it must have been a ghost, though the others who went down afterwards said it was the cat.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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APRIL, 1896.

The absence of any poetry in this issue of our journal may justify something poetic in our editorial column. We have noticed that many contemporary school editors have written (and very prettily, too) of the seasons as they pass. So the "mute inglorious Miltons" of old B. L. S. may like to hear how our great American poets have treated the spring-time.

Longfellow, without doubt the greatest American poet, in his collected poems has seven compositions under the head of "Earlier Poems," which, he assures us, were all written before the age of nineteen. Of these the first is on "An April Day." Its metre is that used so successfully by Bryant, but the poem, even though composed at so early an age, is marked by a characteristic of all the poet's writings, a certain mellow cheerfulness.

"From the earth's loosened mould
 The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives,
 Though stricken to the heart with winter's
 cold,
 The drooping tree revives.

* * * * *

"Sweet April! many a thought
 Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed;
 Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
 Life's golden fruit is shed."

In the works of none of our poets do we see more translations than in Longfellow. He was most extensively acquainted with the foreign tongues and translated many of the gems of their poetry, especially the German. From the French of the XV century is a poem on Spring :

"Winter giveth the fields and the trees so old
 Their beards of icicles and snow;
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold
 We must cower over the embers low;
 And, snugly housed from the wind and
 weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires and the sky grows
 clear,
 When thy merry step draws near."

Among his later poems Longfellow wrote "The Poet's Calendar," a series of twelve stanzas, each of which describes a month. Of April he sings

"I open wide the portals of the Spring
 To welcome the procession of the flowers
 With their gay banners, and the birds that sing
 Their song of songs from their aerial
 towers.
 I soften with my sunshine and my showers
 The heart of earth; with thoughts of love I
 glide
 Into the hearts of men; and with the Hours
 Upon the Bull with wreathed horns I
 ride."

Oliver W. Holmes, seldom indulging in poems on nature, has a beautiful poem on Spring, among his products of 1850-6 :

"Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
 The southern slopes are fringed with tender
 green,
 On sheltered banks beneath the dripping
 eaves,
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glow-
 ing leaves;
 The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
 The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest;
 The violet, gazing on the arch of blue,
 Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
 The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the
 mould,
 Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
 Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on
 high
 Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
 On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
 The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo
 leaves;

The house-fly stealing from his narrow grave,
 Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
 Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
 Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;
 The bog's greenharper, thawing from his sleep,
 Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
 On floating rails that face the softening noons
 The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
 Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing fields,
 Trail through the grass their tessellated shields."

In his "Spring Has Come: Intra Muros," we see more of his admirable descriptions:

"And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,
 Then close against the sheltering wall
 The tulip's horn of dusky green,
 The peony's dark, unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
 The long narcissus blades appear;
 The cone-beaked hyacinth returns
 To light her blue-flamed chandelier."

Whittier, like Holmes, though rarely writing nature, was very successful when he turned his muse in that direction. Of this the prelude to "Among the Hills" is an example. In his poem on "The Robin," the poet gives a very fanciful and beautiful Welch superstition about that cheerful bird:

"Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple tree.

'Nay!' said the grandmother, 'have you not heard,

My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings the cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.'"

We might expect to find many poems on Spring from a writer who said so many beauti-

ful things of Nature's other moods; yet, strange to say, Bryant has very few verses on the budding year. He seems to have cared more for the midsummer and autumn. The following is from his poem on a "May Evening:"

"The breath of springtime at this twilight hour

Comes through the gathering glooms,
 And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower,
 Into my silent rooms.

Where has thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
 The perfumes thou dost bring?

By brooks that through the wakening meadows wind,
 Or brink of rushy spring?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
 The early wild flowers rise,
 Or sheltered lawn, where 'mid encircling trees
 May's warmest sunshine lies?

Now sleeps the humming-bird, that, in the sun,

Wandered from bloom to bloom;
 Now, too, the weary bee, his day's work done,
 Rests in his waxen room.

Now every hovering insect to his place
 Beneath the leaves hath flown;
 And, through the long night hours, the flowery race
 Are left to thee alone.

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
 And o'er the spice-bush spray,
 Among the opening buds, thy breathing pass,
 And come embalmed away."

Of Lowell's poems some of the most beautiful are those upon natural scenery. In his "Indian-Summer Reverie" he describes the marshes of the Charles under the various conditions of season. Of our vernal period he says:

"In Spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
 O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet;

Here yellower stripes track out the creek
unseen,
There darker growths o'er hidden ditches
meet ;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms
crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there, becalmed, with the next breath to
fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze entangling
sedge ;
Through emerald glooms the lingering waters
slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
Of dimpling light and with the current seem to
glide."

Brilliant and golden among his poems is
that on the "dear common flower," the dande-
lion :

"Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst."

Lowell was wonderfully successful in his
"Biglow Papers," whose humor and wit, set
off by the admirable dialect, are rarely equalled
in our language. In one of these letters he
writes of Spring, as he says, "Sunthin' in the
Pastoral Line :

"I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms that make the season suit the
mind,
An' seen to metch the doubtin' bluebird's
notes,

Half vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you on-
curl,
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby pearl.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,
The maple crimsons to a coral reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the
willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,

Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old."

Many of us, perhaps, when we read the
sweet thoughts of the poets on the ever fresh,
ever returning beauties of this world about us,
may wish to express our thoughts as they have
done. It is a great deal that we may enjoy
their words. As Holmes says :

"When evening shadowy fingers fold
The flowers of every hue,
Some shy, half-opened bud will hold
Its drop of morning's dew.

* * * * *

Ah, Poet, who has never spent
Thy breath in idle strains,
For thee the dewdrop morning lent
Still in thy heart remains ;

Unwasted in its perfumed cell
It waits the evening gale ;
Then to the azure whence it fell
Its lingering sweets exhale."

SCHOOL NOTES.

*"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."*

Sed pleni omnes sunt libri : "But all children
are full."

Extract from Greek sight passage :

Κήτεος ὄδμην [Κήτεος = a sea creature (hy-
pothesis) ὄδμην — Cf. ὀδ — stem of ὀδῶδα. The
phrase evidently means some marine animal.
Possibly a *smelt*?]

There was one verse of '96's Class Song
not sung at the Washington's Birthday exer-
cises. It was composed by a teacher, too late
to be incorporated in the song. The occasion
of the stanza was remarkable. One of '96's
scholars got 100 per cent twice in succession
on *Greek sight passages* ! The lines were as
follows :

"We've a classical scholar —
Our pride and our joy —
Who takes all the wind
Out of windy old Troy ;

The more he gets *lore*
 The higher he goes,—
 In glory, not records,—
 He's broken all those."

To such a student, the classic muse,—such a Fury and Nemesis to most of us, must be *une belle amie*.

Sinum lacrimis implevit abortis. "She filled a bowl with flowing tears."

To all who may have the unpleasant task of translating poetry from a foreign language, it will be pleasing to know that the Germans have a saying: "A translated poem is a boiled strawberry."

The general tendency of education has been to make the instruction easier for the pupil. This can be seen when we consider some of the lessons which used to be given to members of our own school. The first task set to the new scholars was learning the Latin Grammar by heart; the boy understood nothing of what he committed to memory, — that was explained gradually, after he had mastered it. "It takes from six to eight months to learn all that is required," remarks one of the former masters, by way of consolement. As soon as the Latin School boy of yore studied prosody he was required to write nonsense lines of hexameter Latin. From this he passed to translating English into Latin verse, in which a favorite text book was Æsop's fables. As soon as he was proficient in this, he was required to write original Latin verses!

The memory exercise of that day were tremendous. Every evening the Ovid lesson of the day was committed to memory. The classes memorized *several books* of Virgil, *all* the First Book of Horace, the Third and Tenth Satires of Juvenal *entire*, and many *hundreds* of verses in Homer.

We are pleased to print in this issue contributions from the fourth and sixth classes. To the authors of these we would say: *Keep on, improving and delighting others with your efforts.* To the rest of our boys: *Follow their example.*

Exchanges not previously acknowledged are: *The Ohio*, Orono, Me.; *The Institute Record*, Towanda, Penn.; *The School Record*, Newburyport; *The Brewster Review*, Wolfboro, N. H.; *The Happy Thoughts*; *The Advocate*, Lincoln, Neb.; *College Life*, Emporia, Kan.; *The Calendar*, Hale's School; *The Newton H. S. Review*, *The Manitou Messenger*, St. Olaf College, Minn.; *The Oracle*, Bangor H. S.

PEPO.

It was the month of March. The meadows were covered with green grass and the trees had begun to clothe themselves in their beautiful foliage; the little gardens around the peasants' houses were sprouting with early vegetables and flowers. The peasants rubbed their hands in glee at the early spring, joyful that the frigid winter had gone and the beautiful spring was with them again. The Reno had flooded its banks and was madly rushing into the Po. All nature was in motion; the farmers had begun their sowings; the housewives their cleanings; the blacksmith was busy at his forge and the carpenter at his saw.

Pepo, however, had no mind to take part in the manual labors. He kept to himself, always reading, reading. He had an adventurous spirit, loved to read historical works and dream his hours away amidst the verdant surroundings of his home. He never took part in the sport with the boys.

Spring was here again in her beauty, and he would pass his time in the fields and orchards, reading, watching the birds build their nests, gathering choice grass for his hungry rabbits and playing with his pet animals. In all his wanderings Alba, a little greyhound, was his constant companion. His father had been a soldier and one of the leading spirits of the village. He was killed at Solferino while fighting for his country. Pepo had two brothers, soldiers also, tall and brave, with dark eyes and black hair, who were summoned to the field of battle not long after the disaster at Dogoli. And willingly they responded to their country's call, as brave men do. Pepo was a hunch-back, small for his fifteen years, and sickly.

Poor Pepo! Patriot though he was, with that fiery patriotism which clings closest to romantic and forbidding lands, he heartily envied Victor and Charles, his two brothers, who were fighting in Abyssinia. They sent letters home telling of the strange country and people. What a magnificent thing it would be if he could go there; but little did he dream of the terrible dangers of the inhospitable land.

Pepo was strolling along the meadows reading a letter from his brothers, who had written to him an account of a recent battle where they had defeated the Abyssinians. How his noble heart beat! How glad he was that he had brothers who could fight for their flag! How he hoped that he also might do the same. More than one honest peasant in passing would gaze at the boy and to himself would say, shaking his head, "The boy is not all there." Pepo never minded their rude glances, but kept right on his way. He had finished reading the letter and had carefully placed it in his inside pocket. As he went along, his dark hair tossed back by the breeze, his eyes and active mind taking in everything about him, he noticed stains of blood on the grass. Curious to know the cause, he started to investigate. He was not long in finding out. It was his little dog Alba, who had been terribly bitten by some wild animal.

Now if one thing was strong in Pepo's blood, it was his great love for animals. From his earliest childhood he had been in their midst and they had been his constant companions. No wonder, then, that at the sight of his beloved dog piteously limping along towards the brook, staining the grass at every step, he sprang forward and took the little dog caressingly in his arms, and hurried home to medicate her wounds. In his eager desire of reaching home he stumbled against a vine and fell headlong, breaking his leg, the pain rendering him unconscious. Such a trifle! But what weeks of inactivity followed. He despised his bed, his room, and medicine; even the neighbors' kind talk made him hide his head and burst in tears. Often he said he could not live such a life of imprisonment. Alba was always by his side playing and sporting

around him and doing many tricks which he had taught her. How eloquent she would become with her tail at times, and her playfulness enlightened his misery.

How often in the night when all were asleep he would light his candle and read over again his brother's letters until he fell into a feverish slumber.

As he grew better and again was able to begin his wanderings, the doctor told his mother that it would do the boy good if he took lessons on the violin, so that his mind might be diverted from his reading. No sooner said than the good woman procured the village minstrel to teach Pepo, and the first song that he learnt to play was the battle-song which his brothers sang before they had departed to the war.

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